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Authors' Copy.

THE
CINNAMON
HEART.

A MEDIAEVAL

Brown

CANDY SCRAPE.

THE
CINNAMON HEART,

A MÆDIEVAL CANDY SCRAPE,

IN 3 ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

MR. ARTHUR L. BROWN AND MR. HOWARD HOPPIN.

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AUTHORS' COPY.



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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRINCESS CAMELLA—	Daughter of King Nougat I.	
		SOPRANO.
SASSYFRASS,		CONTRALTO.
NOUGAT I.,		BUFFO.
PROF. PARACELUS FINIGIN,		BASS.
THE LOVER,		TENOR.
CHORUS OF MAIDS,		ALTO & SOPRANO.
CHORUS OF SUITORS,		TENORS.
CHORUS OF CHEMISTS,		BASSES.
PAGES TO CAMELLA.		

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I.

CASTLE COURTYARD OF NOUGAT I. :

Back drop, landscape.

Castle and tower back L. centre, with door and window over—
Door bell.

Low stone wall back R. centre from castle.

High stone wall R. (*boxed*), with large gate.

Stone castle (*boxed*) L., with door.

ACT II.

CHEMIST'S LABORATORY :

Back flat.

Large stone arched window in it, R.

Concealed door (*on pivot*) L. centre.

Stone forge and chimney R. front.

Door L.

Sides boxed — stone walls — covered with small shelves —
bottles, skulls, skeletons, etc.

ACT III.

SAME AS ACT I., but with window broken and signs of devastation.

The Cinnamon Heart.

ACT I.

CASTLE COURTYARD OF NOUGAT I.—*Suitors grouped about stage, looking up at window, L. C. All with guitars. All singing.*

No. 1.

Suitors.—The breezes of morning,
Softly laden with perfumes,
Betoken that breakfast is on the table,
And the Royal family finishing
The Charlotte Russe and lobster
Salad, 'scolloped oysters, lemonade,
And melted ice-cream,— left
From last night's party.
'Twas there we met her.
Ah! 'twas there we lost our hearts.
And early this morning we've come
To make our party calls,
To ask her hand,
And serenade this lovely
Princess Caramella.

(Then accompany upon guitars.)

Song.— Maiden with golden hair,
Maiden of beauty rare,
List to our humble prayer,
E'er we get thinner.
Look out, we humbly pray,
Turn not your eyes away,
Ask us to call to-day,
Also to dinner.
Of this, would'st know the cause,
Say we, without a pause,
It is what we all love to do,

NOTE.— The marginal lines indicate portions to be sung.

All love to do.
 Hunger and love combined
 In us are closely twined.
 It is what we all love to do,
 All love to do.

(Interlude, with guitar accompaniment. All change to another position and sing.)

2nd Verse.

Why doth the Chicadee
 Eat up the bumble bee?
 Why doth the sangaree
 Soak up the sugar?
 Why doth the little lamb
 Dance round the parent ram?
 Why doth the juicy clam
 Stay in salt water?
 Why doth the pretty fly
 Die in the apple pie?
 It is what they all love to do,
 All love to do.
 Why are we singing here
 To Caramella dear?
 It is what we all love to do,
 All love to do.

(Suitors all crowd together at castle door, and consult.)

1st S.—Oh! where are servants? She's at home, I trust.

Let's ring.

2d S.— We dare not!

3d S.— Oh! we can't!

1st S.— We must!

There's no one here; we'll have to ring this bell.

You do it. I'm too tired *(to 2d. S.)*.

2d S.— Very well.

But stay! 'twill jar my nerves. *(To 3d S.) You* ring.

3d S.— What! *I?*

With feelings so depressed? Oh, no! You try *(to 4th)*.
 Here, ring!

4th S.—Ah! well, if so, I must. But, oh!

Suppose there is a dog. *You* ring *(to 5th S.)*.

5th S.— No! no!

Perhaps they have a gun that shoots. Oh! dear.

I am afraid. *You* ring *(to 6th S.)*.

6th S.— I'm dead with fear.

I wonder if she's in. What *shall* we do?

You ring (to 1st S.).

1st S.— No. *You (to 2d).*

2d S.— No. *You (to 3d).*

3d S.— No. *You (to 4th).*

4th S.— No. *You (to 5th).*

2d S.—How can we do it?

1st S.— Do it in a crowd!

By ringing all together—quick and loud.

(Suitors all take hands down stage; go up hand in hand cautiously, and prepare to ring. 1st S. holding bell.)

No. 2.

Music.—Prelude. (All pull and sing.)

All.—Ring at the door-bell,

Pull at the knocker;

Ring at the door-bell. *Pull!*

(Pull door-bell out. All fall down stage. Music. Enter SASSY and MAIDS C. door.)

Sassy.— Gentlemen, why do you ring so loudly
That our door-bell gives away?

Suitors.— We have come to see your Royal Mistress,
Is she to be seen to-day?

Maids.— { No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Suitors.— { Oh! in love, in love we are.

Maids.— { You must see her Pa.

Suitors.— { Not with her Pa.

Maids.— { For you strangers are.

Suitors.— { We're from afar, we are.

Maids.— { No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Suitors.— { To see our love.

Maids.— { You must talk with her Papa-a-a-a-a.

Suitors.— { Not her Papa-a-a-a-a.

[(Suitors step forward and show cards.)

2d Verse.

Suitors.— Here you have our cards all neatly made by
Tiffany, of New York city.

Sassy.— That establishes your reputation.
We will take them unto her.

Suitors.— { Please be sure they go to her.

Maids.— { We'll be sure they go to her.

Suitors.— { Please be sure they go to her.

Maids.— { We'll be sure they go to her.

(SUITORS give cards to MAIDS. *Exeunt SASSY and MAIDS into house c.*)

Interlude.

(SUITORS come down R. front and sing.)

No. 3.

Suitors.—When you love a Royal Princess,
If its hard — send your card;
She will have to marry, since es-
Cape is hard, very hard;
For she never likes to forfeit,
Or retard, your regard;
So you always can with profit,
Send your card.

(*King looks out of window c. — takes up retarded note, and sings.*)

King.— Good morning, sirs, just wait until
I can arrange my dish-y-bill.
I have your cards, and will be down
As soon as I can find my crown,
My gilded sceptre, and my purple shirt.

(*Shuts window.*)

Suitors.—Now we're certain of the Princess
For her dad has our card.
She will have to marry, since es-
Cape is hard, very hard;
For the King wont let her forfeit,
Or retard, our regard;
Thus we have, this time. with profit,
Sent our card.

(*All talk together back R. Music. Enter King with cards, to slow dance. — KING comes down c., and sings.*)

No. 4.

King.— Of all the jolly fellows,
The jolliest are Kings;
They are utterly oblivious
Of disagreeable things.
Now I have been a pauper
For the devil of a while,
But as a King, I hide it
With a long-drawn smile.

(*Smiles broadly.*)

With a side-long smile,
 With a long sighed smile,
 But as a King, I hide it
 With a long-drawn smile.
 Ha! Ha! (*Very joyful.*)
 Ha! Ha! (*Melancholy.*)
 Ha! Ha! (*Very sadly.*)

Music.

(KING takes slow dance up stage.)

(*2nd Verse.*)

Secure in his position,
 A monarch never cares
 If all his clothes are tattered,
 And filled with holes and tears.
 Just gaze upon this mantle,
 It's nearly torn in half,
 But as a King I view it,
 With a long-drawn laugh.

(*Smiles.*)

With a side-long laugh,
 Yes!—a long sighed laugh,
 But as a King, I view it,
 With a long-drawn laugh.
 Ha! Ha!

Ha! Ha!

Ha! Ha!

(*Dances slowly around stage. Sees SUITORS and speaks.*)

King.— Ah! gentlemen! Good morning—hope you're well.

Suitors.—Yes!—thank your Highness!

King.— That is good—now tell

Your business here.

Suitors.— Yes—thank your High—

King.— (*Interrupting.*)— Proceed!

You come as suitors,

Suitors.— Yes, my liege!

King.— Indeed!

(*Aside.*) Our daughter seems to be in great demand;

I wonder if they only want her hand.

That's all that they can get—for I'm so poor

I don't know where to find my lunch. I'm sure

The man that marries her must furnish gold,

And do it now—at once—they must be told.

(*Turning to Suitors. Aloud.*)

Now, gentlemen, to business — you are here

As suitors for our daughter, that is clear.

You love our daughter — if aright we read.

Suitors.—Oh, yes, your Highness, very much indeed.

King.— Yes!—that is clear — now, as to worldly things

Pray — let us see the gifts that each one brings.

Suitors.—The gifts! Your Highness — *(Astonished.)*

King.— Certainly — of course

Some compensation equal to the loss

To us — both for the time we're wasting here,

And for the losing of our daughter dear.

Suitors.—Good Gracious! *(Low to each other.)*

King.— *(Impatiently.)* Well!—be quick!—here is our crown.

Out with your money, now, and put it down.

(King holds crown behind him. Suitors all advance and put in money.)

'Tis our unfailing custom — ever since

The time when we became a Sovereign Prince,

And had a daughter with enough good looks

To ope to me — her suitors' pocket-books—

(Takes money from crown and puts it in pocket.)

And now as this small point of etiquette

Has been so easily and surely met,

We'll ask you to excuse us for a while,

Until we go and put your cards on file.

And with the Princess, we'll return again

Within this court about the hour of ten.

(King bows, and exit C. door. Suitors stand in same position's looking at each other in silence, feeling in pockets.— Pause.)

1st. S.— Ah well! we've done it now. He has the gold;

Its customary I suppose, and old —

Its very sad — but stay! 'tis nearly ten,

Let's brush ourselves a bit and try again.

(Music and jingling of bells outside.)

1st. S.—What sound is that — how palpitates my heart,

They must be coming — do you know your part?

Get in your places — don't appear to see,

But fold your hands and sigh — and copy me.

(SUITORS form at back L. Music and bells. Enter CARAMELLA and KING, dancing, hand and hand.)

No. 5.

Cara.— I have no village cart,
 No pony phaeton;
 But out with Pa I start,
 And him I lay it on.

King.— We run our own coupés,

Cara.— Gig, landeau, coach and chaise.

King.— Hack, cab, and jaunting car,

Cara.— Trap and Victoria.

Chorus. (*CARA. and KING dance around stage.*)

Suitors.—Hi yar! Hi yar! Just see her run her Pa-ha-ha.

Hi yar! Hi yar! She ought to drive a car-ha-ha.

Hi yar! Hi yar! This beats a jaunting car-ha-ha.

Hi yar! Hi yar! A swell Victoria. Ha-ha. — (*Repeat faster.*)

2d Verse.

Cara.— On every pleasant day
 Driving is our resource,
 We wander far away;
 Nor do we need a horse?

King.— If rain begins to fall,

Cara.— We take the carryall,

King.— Or if the skies are free,

Cara.— Jump in the light buggee.

Chorus.—Hi yar! Hi yar! etc. (*Repeated like 1st verse.*)

(*CARA. suddenly sees SUITORS — stops, changes manner — then to SUITORS.*)

Cara.— Hey-day! what's this?

King.— These gentlemen, my dear,
 Are suitors for your hand.

(*SUITORS all look down, meekly.*)

Cara.— So they appear.

I'm bored to death by suitors,— go away.

King.— Just listen first to what they have to say,

'They surely are entitled to be heard,

(*Aside.*) Besides, they've paid out money for a word.

Cara.— Indeed. Well, let them talk, I'm all suspense;
 Proceed, kind gentlemen, but utter sense.

(*SUITORS all come down meekly and sing.*)

No. 6.

(*Music.*)

Suitors.—Oh! Princess, we can talk and warble
 In a most agreeable way,

At tennis we are very prominent,
 And also great at croquet.
 We play at battledore and shuttlecock —
 In knickerbockers arrayed,
 But are particularly pleasant
 While we trill this sweet serenade.
 Zum-la-la-la-la-la, (*Playing on guitars.*)
 Zum-la-la-la-a.
 Just give to this a passing glance.
 See, in what harmony we dance —
 Easy and graceful, lightly we tread.
 Please, Miss Caramella, look with
 Favor on our suit.
 Oh! marry us.

Suitors.— { Come dance, boys — kick up, boys,

Cara. & K.— { Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Suitors.— { And cut the pigeon wing.

Cara. & K.— { How perfectly absurd.

Suitors.— { Again, boys. Put in, boys,

Cara. & K.— { Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Suitors.— { And show her how we fling.

Cara. & K.— { How perfectly absurd.

Suitors.— { To right — to left — in front —

Cara. & K.— { How perfectly absurd.

Suitors.— { Behind — below — oh — oh — oh — oh —

Cara. & K.— { How perfectly absurd.

(*All dance furiously, CARA. and KING laughing. At end of music SUITORS all get down on knees and wait.*)

Cara. (sarcastically).—

And is this all? Quite finished? Surely done?

Not overlooked a single charm — not one?

You all excel in something — so you say;

(*Changing tone quickly.*)

You don't excel enough — please go away.

(*Turns back on SUITORS and goes down R.*)

Suitors.— Alas!

King.— We feel most sorry for your woe,

But such is fate. We fear you'll have to go.

1st S.— Have pity, oh! your Highness. See us here

Most miserable suitors. See that tear.

(*Showing handkerchief.*)

Be kind to us poor suitors.

King (sternly).—

Gentlemen!

We are surprised to hear that word again;

You are not suitors!

1st S.— Yes, your Highness.

King.— No!!

Didn't you hear our daughter tell you so?

How can you *suitors* be when you don't—

Cara.— Hush!

Oh, father, do not say it— please don't.

King.— Tush!

It is our duty as a crownèd Prince;

We can't descend from speaking plain, to hints.

You can't be suitors.

Suitors.— Tell at any cost!

King.— Because you do not *suit her*!

(KING and CARA. *burst out into laughter. SUITORS get up slowly and brush dust off knees.*)

1st S.— Of course, if you choose to treat us in this way,
We obey.

2d S.— I suppose you have the right to be gay
At our expense—but it won't pay.

3d S.— You of course can say—anything you choose,
Certainly you may.

4th S.— But here we shall not stay

5th S.— To hear all the mean things you say.

6th S.— In this disagreeable way.

All.— Good day.

(*Exeunt R. gate quickly.*)

King (*turning.*).—Hey?

Ah! they have gone.

(CARA. *begins to cry. KING turns and sees her.*)

Hullo! Why how is this?

What, crying, daughter? Didn't you dismiss

These silly men because they didn't suit?

I do not understand it—I'm a brute!

Cara.— Oh! dearest father (*aside*, Yes, I'll tell,) my heart

Is sad beyond the power of suitor's art;

I sigh for other things, and sigh again

For something else; but always sigh in vain.

I wait with eager longing for the time

When I can reach that altitude sublime,

For which I hope—which in my dreams I see—

Oh! dearest father, don't you pity me?

King.— Alas! my daughter, this is hard to hear—

You're eating candy far too much, my dear.

Cara.— Oh! no, dear pa.

- King*.— Then you in love must be,
Those symptoms indicate a heart not free.
You love!!!
- Cara*.— Ah, yes!
- King* (*starting*).— What!! Do I hear aright?
You love! (*Aside*.) Great guns! my income put to
flight.
When this unfortunate result is told,
Good-bye to suitors, and to all their gold.
(*Aloud*.) Oh, daughter! daughter! this will never do.
(*Fiercely*.) Who is this *creature* that's beloved by you?
- Cara*.— Ah! yes, I love! but in a different way
From that expressed by those buffoons to-day.
My love is sticky.
- King*.— *Sticky??*
- Cara*.— Yes, and sweet.
And *almost* — but not *quite* — too good to eat.
- King*.— Who is he? Are you raving?
- Cara*.— No, dear pa.
How impolite and curious you are.
I love! — *oh heavens!* — even in my dreams,
Molasses candy! gum drops! choc'late creams!
'Tis that I love — 'tis *candy* I adore.
- King* (*aside*).—
The danger is averted.
- (*Aloud to Cara*.) Tell me more.
- (*Music*.) (*CARA. comes down front and sings.*)

No. 7.

- Cara*.— Candy — sweetest word e'er spoken;
Candy — whether mixed or broken.
Tender dreams of candy pulling;
Visions sweet, of buttered pans;
Anxious longing, while it's cooling;
He is blest who understands.
Ah! thou delicious molasses,
And thou glorious chocolate creams.
Oh candy! — thy beauty surpasses,
Surpasses our most roseate dreams.
Ah!
Beautiful, tender caramel,
Soothing to taste, and pleasant to smell;
Vanilla, lemon, chocolate, move
My sensitive heart far more than suitor's love.

King (aside).—Her heart is moved by candy more than love.

Cara.— Ah!

Beautiful, tender caramel,
Soothing to taste, and pleasant to smell;
Vanilla, lemon, chocolate, move
My sensitive heart far more than suitor's love.
Tender and fragrant is the smell,
And soothing is the caramel;
Lemon, vanilla, and chocolate, move
My heart far more than suitor's love.
Lemon, chocolate, sweeter than suitor's love,
Sweeter than love.

2nd Verse. (For encore.)

Who would care for man's affection,
Who would wish engagement rings;
When, in every known direction,
You can find sweet sugar things.

Ah! thou delicious molasses.

(Et sequitur—same as first. Exit CARA.—up stage L. while singing.)

King.—*(Solil.)* All this is very nice, but as it sounds
Experience was gained by eating pounds
Of candy — ah! who's this—

(Enter SASSYFRASS C.)

Oh! Sassyfrass,

I want some information here — my lass.
How many pounds of candy, in a day,
Can you and Caramella put away.

Sassy.— Excuse me — “Put away.”

King.— Eat!!

Sassy.— Oh!—I see!

In pounds?

King.— Yes!

Sassy (counting).—Eighteen, twenty, twenty-three.

King.— Great guns!

Sassy.— Why, that's not much.

King.— You mean to say

That she eats three-and-twenty pounds a day?

Ah!—that's the reason why she fails to see

The sweetness in her lovers — twenty-three.

(Aside.) Good gracious!—twenty-three!!—and I to pay;

I'll marry her this very blessed day,

I will!—What, twenty-three — as I'm a king—

We change all this.

(CHEMISTS' heard singing outside. Music.)

(*Aloud.*) Ah! listen! just the thing;
Those celebrated chemists walking near;
Quick, Sassyfrass — go out and bring them here.

(*Exit SASSY. R. gate.*)

I'll get advice — but I'm reduced, and hence,
I'll only give a dollar-and-seventy cents.

(*Takes out money from pocket.*)

That's all those suitors gave me — but that sum
Will surely be sufficient — here they come.

(*Music.*)

(*Enter SASSY., followed by CHEMISTS, R. gate. CHEMISTS dancing.*)

No. 8.

(*Enter MAIDS from back, creeping down, curiously.*)

Chemists.—When you are ill, or blue in the gill,
If you're shaking with a chill —
You'll shake until — you take our pill.
It will either cure or it will kill—
It will either cure or kill.
This priceless balm we have brought from far,
The sweet-scented spirits of ammonia.

Maids—(*Lean over, smell bottles, and sneeze.*) Kechew!!

Chemists.—Sweet spirits of ammonia.

All.— Spirits of ammonia.

Chemists.—We are allopathic— *Maids.*—Kechew! —

Chemists.—Or homœopathic— *Maids.*—Kechew!

Chemists.—We cure all diseases by rule mathematic.

All.— Kechew! Kechew! Kechew! (*Sneezing violently.*)

This precious balm { they
we } have brought from far,

Is the “spirits ammonia.”

(*Repeat chorus, with drum and cymbals, on “Kechew.”*)

No. 9.

King.— But where is the Professor?

Chemists.—He is coming now; don't you hear the row.

(*Cymbals and gong.*)

He is coming in all his greatness—
Tremble!!

(*Enter PROFESSOR R. gate.*)

All.— I wonder what he's going to say,
Does'nt he look awful wise?
He has an interesting way,
And also an imposing size—

(*Music leads up to note, and gives chord. PROF. comes forward as if to sing, but bows, and SAYS, sweetly,*)

Prof. (spoken).—Good morning!

All (disappointedly).—Good morning!

No. 10.

Prof.— On second thoughts,
It is not a good morning:
For though the sun shines bright,
Take warning—
Southerly wind, and a cloudy sky
Winds northwest, perhaps, by and by,
For New York and Pennsylvania,
And the states on *the* Gulf of Mexico.
For Arkansas there will be
A great disturbance in mercuree;
And for all the other states that remain
They will have local rain,
Frost and hail, and ice and snow,
And cold winds will rage and blow;
Earthquakes, water-spouts, cyclones, thunder-storms,
Whirlwinds, tidal waves, very bad tempests;
But in spite of this there will be
Pleasant weather generallee.
But you'd better all take pains
To look out for local rains.

No. 11.

This I know for —
Sings.— I am a great astrologer.
All.— A regular sockdologer.
Prof.— A graduated colledger.
My name is Finigin;
I get my knowledge from the stars
From pickled snakes put up in jars,
From dead men's wired vertebrae,
From skulls of apes and men.
All.— He is a great ass —

(*PROF. turns and scowls.*)

— trologer.

He is a great ass — trologer.

He is a great ass — trologer!

2nd Verse.

Prof.— I take a pint of kerosene,

Chem.— Tremendous pint of kerosene.

Prof.— And let two hours intervene,

Then mix it in a pill,

Four candle ends, molasses too,

With squills and ginger-snaps and glue,

'Twill settle any one of you,

And cure your every ill.

All.— That is a great li —

(*PROF. turns and scowls.*)

— fe preserver.

That is a great li — fe preserver.

That is a great li — fe preserver!

(*PROF. turns and comes down front to KING.*)

Prof.— That's but the smallest part of what I know;

Now, if you like, I'll go ahead and show

The relative conditions that appear

In pharmacologicistic law.

(*Opens large dictionary.*)

Sassy.— Oh dear!

(*PROF. scowls, looks severely at SASSY, then to all.*)

Prof.— Apparently this subject isn't one

Of universal interest —

(*Shuts dictionary with a bang.*)

I'm done!!

King.— Well, yes! as you were saying — it *is* late,

(*Cheerfully.*)

And we have some important things to state.

(*Calling*)— Hey! Caramella!!

(*Enter CARA., L.*)

Here's the first of men,

Professor Paracelsus Finigin.

(*PROF. and CARA. bow.*)

Cara. (*frightened*).—

Oh, thank you!

Prof.— Charmed! I do assure you, me'm,

Quite pretty well, considering?

Chemists (very loudly).— Ahem!!

Cara. (startling).— O dear! What's that?

Prof.— Excuse me, I forgot —

(To chemists.)

You want an introduction, do you not?

Chem.— H'm, H'm! *(Assenting.)*

Prof.— Well, this is Princess Caramella, daughter of our honored king, Nougat First.

Chem.— Ho! Ho! *(Surprised.)*

Prof. (to Cara.)— And these gentlemen are followers in my footsteps and like me, though in a minor degree.
Doctors of Science and Registered Pharmacists.

Chem.— Ha! Ha! *(Satisfaction.)*

Prof. (introducing).— Princess Caramella — Registered Pharmacists. Registered Pharmacists — Princess Caramella.

Chem.— He, he! *(Laughing.)*

(CARA. and CHEMISTS bow.)

King.— And now, most learned gentlemen, we'll tell
The reason why we want you.

Chem.— Very well.

King.— Our daughter here is sad and sick at heart,
And very much in need of all your art.
She's eaten so much candy here and there,
That for a lover's sweetness she don't care,
And seems unable to pick out, or know
A husband, when she sees him.

Prof.— Strange!

Chem.— Ho! Ho!!

King.— What shall we do?

Cara.— Oh yes! what shall we do?
Please think of something nice, I trust in you.

Prof.— H'm, h'm, the case is bad.

Cara.— Oh, say not so!

I think I'd like to have a real nice beau;
An interesting lover — brave and strong,
And handsome, too — with ringlets light and long,
Yes, find me such an one —

(Long pause. By-play. PROF. and all thinking.)

Prof. (suddenly).— I have it — stop!

I think I have a meal-bag in my shop,
'Twill make a first-rate stomach, filled with straw;
I'll warrant it to last six years and more.

A pair of wooden legs — keep still! be calm, —
If I remember right, I have an arm.

Cara.— Oh! that's just splendid!

King.— We don't understand.
A pair of legs — explain it — we command!

Cara.— Why father, don't you see? He'll make a beau.

Prof.— Yes; manufacture one to order.

King.— Oh!

Prof.— I've often made 'em — nothing new to me —
Alchemic science — chemistry.

King.— We see!

Prof.— And now, as that is all arranged, my lord,
Suppose we shape and settle my reward.

King.— Oh, yes! most true — we're sorry it is so,
But as it happens — Saturday, you know —
On Saturday we're always short. Good-bye!
We'll see you soon, and settle. (*Aside.*) What a lie!

Prof.— Excuse me, an advance must now be made,
Or else the lover's clothes will be delayed.
Some money I must have to buy his hat,
His shoes and stockings, coat, and this and that.

King.— Well, how much, then? (*Angrily.*)

Prof.— Two dollars.

King.— That's too steep.

We haven't it!

Prof.— Well, then, the beau *I'll* keep.
(*PROF. turns to go out.*)

Cara.— Oh, pa!

King.— We haven't it!

(*To PROF.*) Now, look'ee here,
We think that price is very much too dear;
But we can make a compromise, we think,
We'll give a dollar and seventy cents — in chink.
The other thirty cents cannot be paid
In cash; but take your pick of any maid
Of all these!

Maids.— We won't go!!

King (angrily shouting).—The entire crew!!

Maids.— No, sir!

Sassy.— No, sir! (*Coming forward.*)

King.— We'll throw in Sassyfrass, too!!

(*MAIDS and SASSY. all crowd together L. and talk.*)

Prof.— It's done! (*Joyfully*).

Maids.— We won't!

King.— What!!

Sassy.— We don't mean offence,

But we're not going to be sold for thirty cents.

We don't mind being sold at our own price,

But sold for thirty cents — it isn't nice.

(*Music.* MAIDS and SASSY. *all talk together — then on last note all scream — SASSY. takes up note.*)

No. 12.

Sassy.— We won't be sold for thirty cents.

S. & Maids.— { No, we won't. No, we won't.

Others.— { Yes, you will. Yes, you will.

Sassy.— We'll scratch and bite in our defence.

S. & Maids.— { Yes, we will; we will.

Others.— { No, you won't; you won't!

Prof.— Just listen now to reason.

S. & Maids.— No, we won't. No, we won't.

King.— We'll hang you all for treason.

S. & Maids.— No, you won't. You can't!

S. & Maids.— { No, you won't; we'll scratch.

Others.— { Yes, we will.

S. & Maids.— { No, you won't; we'll scream.

Others.— { Yes, we will; we will.

(MAIDS and SASSY. *all scream.*)

2d Verse.

Sassy.— We won't go with him anywhere.

S. & Maids.— { No, we won't. No, we won't.

Others.— { Yes, you will. Yes, you will.

Sassy.— Stick pins and needles in his chair.

S. & Maids.— { Yes, we will; we will.

Others.— { No, you won't; you won't.

Chorus.— *Same as first.*

(MAIDS and SASSY. *scream, then talk loudly by themselves, till stopped by KING.*)

King.— Young females! stop this most unseemly burst,

You're in the presence high of Nougat First.

(*To Prof.*) Professor! it is settled. Here's the cash;

(*Gives money to PROF.*)

We'll send these maids when they have grown less
rash.

(PROF. *bows — takes money — turns to CARA.*)

Prof.— Now, Princess, I can find, as I have said,
 The stomach, legs, an arm — perhaps a head.
 We'll put all these together in a wink;
 With glue and hinges — then we'll paint him pink;
 But as to features — eyes, and hair, and nose,
 As fine as we can make them, I suppose.

Cara.— Oh yes! — a poem of beauty he must be,
 As beautiful — as beautiful — let's see. (*Thinks.*)
 As beautiful as candy — Oh! — what fun —
 Quick Sassyfrass! — a box of candy — run!

(*Exit SASSY. c. door.*)

Oh won't it be delightful — listen well,
 And how I want his features made — I'll tell.

(*Music.*) *Prelude.*

No. 13.

(*Recit.*) A box of candy I will give to you. In it you will find
 delicious choc'late creams and lemon drops, rose
 lozenges and sugar almonds, molasses candy, too,
 and soothing juju paste — but far above all others,
 you will find my caramels, of which his noble
 heart is to be made.

(*Sings.*) He must be fair.

King.—(*Explaining to Chemists.*) He must be fair.

Prof. and Chemists.—(*Writing on slates.*) He must be f-a-r-e.
 (*Spelling word.*)

Cara.— With golden hair.

King.— With golden hair.

Prof. and Chemists.—(*Writing.*) With golden h-a-r-e.

All.— He must be fair, with golden hair.

Cara. & King.— { Be ye sure to have it done.

Prof. & Chem's. { We'll be sure to have it done.

All.— He must be fair, with golden hair.

Cara. & King.— { Please attend to number one.

P. & Chem's.— { We'll attend to number one.

(*Chemists keeping time by scratching on slates with Pencils.*)

2d Verse.

Cara.— Voice free from screams.

King.— Voice free from screams.

Prof. & Chemists.— Voice free from s-k-r-ee-m-s.

Cara.— Like choc'late creams.

King.— Like choc'late creams.

Prof. & Chemists.— Like choc'late ——

(*PROF. speaks.*) How do you spell creams.

Chemists.—

With a K.

All.— Voice free from screams, like choc'late creams.

Cara. & King.— { As we say, so you must do.

P. & Chem's.— { As you say, so we will do.

All.— Voice free from screams, like choc'late creams.

{ Please attend to number two.

{ We'll attend to number two.

3d Verse.

Cara.— Heart which excels.

King.— Heart which excels.

Prof. & Chemists.—(*Writing*). Heart which ex-c-e-l-z.

Cara.— Like caramels.

King.— Like caramels.

Prof. & Chemists.— Like cara-m-e-l-z.

All.— Heart which excels, like caramels.

Cara. & King.— { As we say, so it must be.

P. & Chem's.— { As you say, so shall it be.

All.— Heart which excels, like caramels.

Cara. & King.— { Please attend to number three.

P. & Chem's.— { We'll attend to number three.

(*During last chorus enter SASSY., c. door, with box of candy.*)

Sassy.— Here is your candy. (*Sullenly.*)

Cara. (turning).— Thank you.

(*To PROF.*) Now to work.

Here, take it. Stay, I'd better take a look.

Yes, that's all right — but what!

(*Starts back—screams.*)

Oh! horror!!! Oh!!!

Quick!—Catch me.—Ah, I faint and fainter grow.

(*KING holds CARA.—takes box.*)

King.— Great guns!!

Sassy.— Why, what's the matter?

Prof.— Feel her pulse.

(*PROF. feels CARA.'s pulse.*)

Ah, intermittent!—very!

King.— What results?

Prof.— Refrangible — refulgent!

Cara.— Where am I?

Prof.— Octagonal — organic!

King.— Will she die?

Prof.— Pre-eminent — we fear it!

- Cara.*— Let me go!
 (*CARA. stands up.*)
 I'm better now!
- King.*— Recovered?
Prof. (triumphantly).— Told you so!
- Cara.*— Where is it? Take it hence!—away!—depart!
 That wicked, horrid, peppery Cinnamon Heart.
- All.*— A Cinnamon Heart!!!
- King.*— Where is it?
Cara. (pointing to box).— There! in there!!
 Oh take it out, the sight I cannot bear.
 (*KING takes Cinnamon Heart out of box, and shows it.*)
- King.*— Ah! here it is. A Cinnamon Heart! Now say,
 What shall be done with it?
- Cara.*— Throw it away!!
- King.*— It don't look like a disagreeable thing.
 What's bad about these Cinnamon Hearts?
- Cara.*— They sting!!
- King.*— Oh pshaw! I think they must be very nice.

No. 14. (*Low, weird music.*)

(*Tastes of Cin. Heart, and then begins to jump about and yell with pain.*)

- Great guns! Oh! water—milk—apollinaris—ice!!
 Quick! bring me something this distress to stop.
 Ho! water! ice-cream!
- Sassy.*— Take a lemon drop.
 (*Gives KING lemon drop out of box.*)
- King.*— Here, Sassyfrass, please take it out of sight,
 And smash it—burn it—anything!
- Sassy.*— All right.
 (*SASSY. takes Cin. Heart from KING.*)
 (*Music.*) (*Lights down quickly. Moon. CARA. recit.*)

No. 15.

- Cara.*— See, how fast the evening falls,
 Night's shadows softly creep along;
 The silver moon fast rising o'er the hills,
 And all in peace—is still.

(*Interlude.*)

No. 16.

- Cara.*— How can we ever be at peace?
 How feel that calm which peace imparts?
 While candy-makers never cease
 To manufacture Cinnamon Hearts?
All.— ——— those Cinnamon Hearts,
 ——— those Cinnamon Hearts.
 Those puckery, fiery, very unsavory,
 Peppery Cinnamon Hearts.

(Repeat chorus.)

2d Verse.

- Cara.*— Life might be borne without gum-drops,
 Nor cheered by even apple tarts;
 But, oh! existence would be tops-
 I-turvy quite with Cinnamon Hearts.
All.— ——— with those Cinnamon Hearts,
 ——— with those Cinnamon Hearts.
 Those puckery, fiery, very unsavory,
 Peppery Cinnamon Hearts.

(Repeat chorus.)

(At end of chorus, heavy crash of thunder — cymbals and gong
 — then low music in minor. All stop — frightened. TABLEAU.
 Moon changes to blazing Cinnamon Heart in sky.

Slow Curtain. (Total silence.)

ACT II.

Scene.— *Chemist's Laboratory.* Stone wall at back with raised stone step. Hidden pivoted door rear L. C. Arched stone ceiling. Stone forge R., with fire and retorts. Door L. Window at back R. C. Chemists seated and standing. All working upon different parts of Dummy. Half light. All pounding and sawing. Low music.

No. 1.

(At signal all pound and sing.)

- Chemists.*— Pound with the hatchet and the hammer,
 (Pound and sing loudly.) Hammer.

Rip with the chisel and the saw,
 (Loudly.) *The saw and*
Slam just as hard as you can slam her,
 Slam her,
Slam as you never slammed before.

1st. *Chem.*—All this work we are making

All (low).—

Making,

1st. Chem.— Must be done by noon,

All (low).—

By noon, so

1st Chem.—This great undertaking

All (low).—

Taking,

Must be finished soon.

(Pause. All pound, saw, etc., furiously for some time, then at signal all sing.)

Chorus.

All.— Pound with the hatchet and the hammer,

Hammer,

Rip with the chisel and the saw,

The saw and

Slam just as hard as you can slam her,

Slam her,

Slam as you never slammed before.

(All stop, talk together and quit work. All start. Hear some one coming; all go back to places, and at signal, sing.)

2d Verse.

All.— *Plane* just as hard as you can plane her,

(Pound and sing loudly.) Plane her,

Work with play we can't confound

(*Very loud.*) Confound it,

Paint her and varnish her and stain her,

Stain her,

Rip, chisel, hammer her and pound.

1st Chem.—All this work, etc., (*with chorus.*)—

"Plane just as hard," etc.

(After chorus all work furiously. Enter PROF. L. door, carrying Dummy's hat and coat.)

Prof.— Is all arranged? The parts all fitting tight
To one another?

Chem.— Yes! they are.

Prof.— That's right!

His head?

1st. Chem.— A marvel. (*Showing head.*)

Prof.— Legs?

- 2d Chem.— Superb!
 Prof.— And arms?
 Are they in working order?
 3d. Chem.— Work like charms.
 Prof.— His nose?
 4th Chem.— A *dream* of beauty!
 Prof.— Decent ears?
 I want them good.
 5th Chem.— Enough to bring forth tears!
 Prof.— His stomach well proportioned, too? Of course
 We must be sure of that!
 6th Chem.— O! that's the boss.
 Prof.— 'Tis well! Now go! for I must be alone,
 So leave me to my mysteries. Begone!

Chemists put parts of Dummy together, attach it to concealed door c. back, and exeunt all L.)

(Pause. PROF. puts on apron.)

- Prof.— And now to work — the candy — ah! 'tis here;
 The pans to mix it in — I'll have them near.
 The water — well distilled — the skull and bones,
 The basket filled with bloody paving stones,
 Where *are* those bloody paving stones — O yes!
 They're here behind the table — what a mess.
 The *thunder* — where can that be — *thunder!* Ho!
 Oh *thunder* — here it is — I ought to know
 I put it there myself. And now the hail,
 The hail, — let's see — O yes! it's in that pail,
 Quite near and handy. Now, as to effect,
 The lover in the centre, stiff, erect;
 The table on this side — crammed with all sorts
 Of bottles, boxes, glasses, and retorts;
 Mysterious music here — in sharps and flats,
 And just in front we'll put that bag of cats, —
 That bag of cats, now, was a fine idea.
- Stage R. Low music, cats, and thunder over here.
 That side is weird enough — now on the right
- Stage L. A horrid darkness, now and then a light,
 Which, when it flashes, shows a heap of bones,
 And when it don't, why then we'll utter moans.
 Yes! agonizing moans, and bones, and groans,
 By rattling that big box of paving stones.
 'Tis fine — the cats on this side — lightning here,
 The lover standing upright in the rear;
 King Nougat there — the Princess standing by,

And here — no, here — no, here —

(*Changing position to study the effect.*)

Mysterious I!

I — Paracelsus Finigin — the seer.

Ha! ha! Yes, I'll be operating here.

I — who command, at will, the universe,

Command by word, where others use the purse;

Change universal laws the way I please —

Yea, keep this basket upside down, with ease.

Ha! ha! *with ease.*

(*Turns basket of tin pans all over him — quickly picks them up and looks around — then speaks low.*)

I mean, *without these.*

But now it's time to mix

The lover's vital senses — there are six:

The sense of locomotion, touch, and sight,

That's three — his hearing, voice, and heart — all
right.

I'll take them all in order, one by one,

Then Caramella's lover will be done.

(*Takes candy from box, and while singing, mixes each in pans. After second verse SASSY. and MAIDS look in L. door, dressed in poke bonnets and cloaks.*)

Music. (PROF. sings.)

NO. 2.

Prof.— With juju paste our work's begun,
Hum hum, hum hum, hum hum, hum hum—
And sense of locomotion's done.
That's one.

(PROF. *puts first pan aside and takes another, which he stirs.*)

Prof.— These lemon drops, I think, will do —
Hum hum, hum hum, hum hum, hum hum —
For sense of touch, it's something new.
That's two.

2d Verse.

Prof.— Rose lozenges will surely be —
Hum hum, hum hum, hum hum, hum hum —
A first-rate sense of sight — to see.
That's three.
These sugar almonds — two, or more —
Hum hum, hum hum, hum hum, hum hum —

His sense of hearing will restore.
That's four.

3d Verse.

With choc'late creams I now will strive —
Hum hum, hum hum, hum hum, hum hum —
To form his voice when he's alive.
That's five.

These caramels complete the tricks —
Hum hum, hum hum, hum hum, hum hum —
For out of these his heart I'll mix.
That's six.

(Short dance.)

(PROF. speaks.)

Prof.— There, they are done! The lover is complete —
A set of vital senses, just as neat
As could be made.

(Puts pans all together — turns and sees SASSY. and MAIDS.)

Ha! Spies upon me! Go!

Sassy.— 'Tis Sassyfrass — why do you holler so?

'Tis I.

Prof.— Oh, Sassyfrass! I fain would press
Your lovely form; but I'm in such a mess.
Fain would I print a kiss upon your brow,
But I'm engaged in mixing vitals now.
Fain would I —

Sassy.— Bosh!!

Prof.— Yet, though it cause a sigh,
This work must be performed alone — good-bye.

S. & Maids.—

Oh! let us stay.

(Aside.) The horrid thing!

(Aloud.) Oh! please.

Prof.— 'Tis useless.

Sassy.— Can you see us on our knees?

(SASSY. and MAIDS all kneel.)

Oh! is your heart so hard, and can you hear
Our pleadings?

Maids.— Please!

Sassy.— Without a tear?

Prof.— Be comforted. *(Crying.)*

I weep — a water-spout —
But, notwithstanding that, you must get out;
This mixture is the lover's heart, you see —
It's very young and tender —

S. & Maids.—

Deary me !!

Prof.— Susceptible and tender ; so I fear
At letting any woman come so near
To it while in this tender state, and so
E'en though I weep a torrent — you must go.

(*Puts pan of heart mixture away on shelf — weeping.*)

Sassy. (*aside.*)—

Ah ! ha ! the heart is tender — here's our chance,
Let's daze this stupid with a song and dance.

(*SASSY. and MAIDS arrange themselves before PROF.*)

No. 3.

Sassy.— Oh if you were really in love,
And wooed in respectable fashion ;
It would be most easy to move
Our hearts to reciprocal passion.
For though you are not an Apollo,
Your learning is something immense,
And with urging, I think we *would* follow,
That dollar-and-seventy cents.

Chorus.

All.— That dollar-and-seventy cents.

S. & Maids.— { Oh what a fool he is. }
Prof.— { Oh what a dear she is. } *Aside.*

All.— That dollar-and-seventy cents.

S. & Maids.— { Oh what a fool he is. }
Prof.— { Oh what a dear she is. } *Aside.*

All.— Oh where can you find
A person more kind,
And — a dollar-and-seventy cents.

(*Repeat chorus for dance, PROF. & SASSY. in front, MAIDS behind.*)

2d Verse.

Sassy.— But if you are cruel and hard,
And don't let us see what you're making ;
We wont believe in your regard,
And leave you with hearts that are breaking.
But if you permit us to tarry,
We'll love you with passion intense,
And promise that you we will marry,
And — that dollar-and-seventy cents.

Chorus. (*Same as first, repeated for dance.*)

Prof.— Oh! ducky darlings!

Sassy.— Paracelsus, dear!

(*Aside. Disgusted.*) Good Heavens!

Prof.— Sassy.— ducky — nestle here.

(*Opening arms.*)

Sassy.— No, Paracelsus, darling, not quite yet,

(*Aside.*) I have a purpose here, I sha'n't forget.

(*PROF. makes forward movement.*)

Maids.— No dearest!— ugh!!

Sassy.— Propriety, you know,
Forbids familiarity.

Prof.— Just so!

But we are all alone — come ducky dee,

'Tum to its 'ittle Parasol — he, he.

Pease 'tum!

Sassy.— I tell you — No!!! — what have you here?

Maids.— Yes, show us what you're making.

Prof. (very meekly).— Yes, my dear.

(*All approach table, PROF. explains mixtures, one by one.*)

Prof.— This mixture is the sense of hearing.

S. & Maids, (sharply).— Well!

What is it made of?

Prof.— Ah! I must not tell.

S. & Maids.— You must! Quick!!

Prof.— Sugar almonds.

S. & Maids.— That's all right!

What's this one here?

Prof.— That is the sense of sight.

All.— How made?

Prof.— Rose lozenges.

All.— And why of those?

Prof.— That he may see all things *couleur de rose*.

All.— Go on!

Prof.— This yellow one is sense of touch;
It's mixed and made of lemon drops and such.

All.— Why, lemon drops?

Prof.— To make him sure to drop
Whatever he might steal when in this shop.

All.— This!

Prof.— Locomotion.

All.— Made of?

Prof.— Juju paste,

That's so that distance may be paced in haste.

All.— And this?

Prof.— The voice.

All.— Well!!

Prof.— Made of choc'late creams;

They want a creamy voice — not howls and screams.

(*SASSY. points to voice mixture contemptuously.*)

Sassy.— And if you put that in, you think that thing
Is all that's necessary to make him sing.

Prof.— That's all!

Sassy.— I don't believe it!

Prof.— Well then — try—

I think you will believe it, by-and-by.

But, wait, the other senses go in now.

(*PROF. takes all mixtures—except Heart mixture—and pours all into Dummy.*)

Just stop a minute and you'll hear a row.

(*Winds Dummy up with crank.*)

There — he's all right.

Sassy. (aside to MAIDS).— He has left out the Heart.

Ah! — now we have a chance to play *our* part.

(*Takes Cinnamon Heart out of pocket—S. & MAIDS all crowd up to table—PROF. turns and sees Cinnamon Heart.*)

Prof.— Hullo! — what's this? — that Cinnamon Heart again.

Quick — put it back at once — are you insane?

If that got in the mixture of the heart

'Twould spoil it all and ruin every part.

But we are saved — the mixtures all are in.

What's that?

Be quiet! he's about to sing.

(*HERO sings from behind Dummy.*)

No. 4.

Eben.— What spirit is this that I feel?

This spirit of song, I feel,

Urging me to sing my song —

My song — in cadence soft and long,

As 'twere a bird, making these walls to ring;

Yea, like a bird I'll sing, I'll sing, I'll sing.

I like a flute shall be,

Flowing with melody;

Ever and aye I'll sing, I'll sing, I'll sing, I'll sing,
sing,

I'll sing.

What spirit is this that I feel?

This spirit of song, I feel?
Urging me to sing my song,
In measure long.

(End up singing with a loud creak and snap.)

Prof.— He's stopped!

Sassy.— Run down!

Prof.— How's that for grand success?
The Princess ought to hear that voice!

Sassy.— Oh! yes —

Why don't you go and get her?

Prof.— That is so,
We'll bring her here at once. Come, let us go.

Sassy.— Oh! *we'll* stay here.

Prof.— Oh, no! you won't.

Sassy.— We will!!

We all have headaches, and feel very ill.
Now, Paracelsus, dear! be good and kind,
You're such a darling— let us stay behind.
Go, sweetest!

Maids (beseechingly).— Please go. Please go.

(SASSY. and MAIDS push PROF. out by force L. door.)

Sassy.— The horrid thing!

(SUITORS look through window at back c.)

Suitors.— Hey! girls!

Maids (frightened).— Good gracious me!

Sassy.— Who's that!

1st Suitor.— *Avengers!*— is the coast all free?

Sassy.— Yes!— come along.

(Suitors all get in by window, turn and see Dummy.)

1st Suitor.— Ah! that's that wretched beau;

Come, fellows, let us smash it up.

(SUITORS all start forward.)

Sassy. (stopping them).— No! no!

Here is the way!

(Takes Cin. Heart from pocket.)

You see this Cinnamon Heart,
It's now *our* turn to try a little art.

No. 5.

(Music.)

To Cin. Heart.

The Princess fainted when she saw you first;
King Nougat, from your presence, feared the worst;

That bad Professor nearly died with fear
And anguish least you might be mixed in here.

(*Takes down heart mixture from shelf.*)

I'm only thirty cents' worth — is it so!

I'm Sassy. Ducky, am I — *in you go!!*!

(*Throws Cin. Heart into mixture.*)

Maids.— We're ducky darlings — are we?

Suitors.— We're cast off suitors — are we?

Maids.— We're thirty cents' worth — are we?

Suitors.— We're to be laughed at — are we?

Maids.— We're to be snubbed too — are we?

Suitors.— We're to be kicked out — are we?

All.— There!!! (*All grind again.*)

Sassy.— That, I think, will mix things up a mite;

Hark! — some one's coming!

Maids.— Oh!

Suitors.— Prepare for flight!

Sassy.— You haven't time! — here — with these feminine aids,

We'll dress you up, and turn you into maids.

(*Maids all take off cloaks and bonnets and dress up SUITORS to look like girls.*)

Quick! — all sit down and very quiet keep,

They're coming — we must all be fast asleep.

(*All sit and feign to sleep. Enter CHEMISTS, PROF., KING, and CARA., CHEMISTS singing.*)

NO. 6.

(*Music.*)

Chemists (singing).—“When you are ill, etc.”

(*All enter and take positions — KING turns and sees SUITORS and MAIDS.*)

King.— Hullo! — a boarding school!! — asleep, I vow!

Hi — wake up! — it's no time to slumber now!

(*Pokes SASSY.—all wake up.*)

Cara. (seeing Dummy).—Good gracious me!!

Oh my! — is that my beau;

That lovely creature — can I touch him?

Prof. (starting in alarm).— No !

Not yet! — you'd rub the paint off — wait awhile,

And see us do the business up in style.

(PROF. turns to CHEMISTS — *loud.*)

Prepare the ice cream freezer. Hi! you flats!
Go, get the thunder ready — bring the cats!
Drag out that box of bloody paving stones!
Strike up the lightning — rattle out the groans!

(CHEMISTS *all run about and bring properties. Thunder and noises — gas down and low music.*)

Now don't be frightened, Princess. Now to biz.
Ahem! are all things ready?

Chemists (very low).—

Aye! they is.

(PROF. ties rope from ice cream freezer to leg of Dummy—
low rumbling and noises — fire and low music.)

No. 7.

Music. (PROF. sings.)

Prof.— Silence!! (*Crash.*) Silence! (*Crash.*)
Don't let a sound be heard. (*All groan.*)
Silence! (*Crash.*) Silence! (*Crash.*)
Don't even breathe a word. (*All groan.*)
Silence! Silence! Silence! Silence!

(*Aside to CHEMISTS.*)

Give us a little less thunder, and don't
Rattle that box of paving stones quite so hard

(*Rumbling and fire.*)

All.— Oh! how my heart thrills,
With shivers and chills,
That run down my back,
In a serpentine track.
Oh! how my heart thrills
With shivers and chills,
That run down my back,
In a serpentine track.

Prof.— Tremble!

All.— Horror! Awful magic!
Such horrible, tragical,
Wonderful, magical
Works of Satanical
Mischief and craft.
Such horrible, tragical,
Wonderful, magical
Works of Satanical
Mischief and craft.

Such horrible, wonderful,
Tragical, magical craft.

No. 8.

Prof.— Demons of darkest night
Lend me thy aid.

*(Puts red light on fire. Dummy is quickly changed for EBEN.
by turning pivot.)*

Hobgoblins and witches,
I will be obeyed.
Blood! blood! snakes and vipers!
I will be obeyed.
Hobgoblins and witches,
Oh! lend us thy aid.

All.— Oh! abracadabra,
Enchantment and spell;
Oh! abracadabra,
Don't turn out a sell.

Cara.— Noble spirits, I pray thee
To heed our despair,
Oh! shades, I implore thee
To listen to our prayer.

All.— Oh! abracadabra,
Enchantment and spell;
Oh! abracadabra,
Don't turn out a sell.
Don't turn out a sell,
Don't turn out a sell.

(EBEN moves, yawns, opens his eyes and looks about in a dazed way.)

Quartette. (CARA., SASSY., KING and PROF.)

He winks! he moves! he trembles!
Our prayers have worked the spell!
He lives! and he resembles
Our fondest ideal;
He lives! and he resembles
Our fondest ideal.

(EBEN rubs his eyes and looks about. CARA. goes down front.)

Cara.— What is this — in my heart,
In my soul — that I feel
This spirit of love?
Is it true, is it real,

This beating of my heart
 To another heart's beat?
 Has my love come to life?
 Is my lover complete?
 And *thou*, candy, away!!

(*Throws away box of candy.*)

Never more shalt thou move
 My soul, for I live
 By the spirit of love.
 It *is* true. It *is* real.
 'Tis the spirit of love.

Quartette.—

He winks, he moves, he trembles,
 Our prayers have *worked* the spell;
 He lives, and he resembles
 Our fondest ideal:
 He lives and he resembles
 Our fondest ideal.

(*Interlude.*)

(PROF. *seizes ice cream freezer and grinds furiously.*)

No. 9.

Prof.— Grind him up again.

Cara.— Grind him up again.

All.— Grind him up again,
 Grindy — windy, windy, windy, windy, etc.

(*All sing "windy, windy," as acc. to solo by EBEN. EBEN steps down from back, comes forward, takes up note and sings.*)

Eben.— Good morning all, (*Bows.*)
 How do you do;
 I believe it's the thing
 To bow to you;
 I think it right
 That I should state,
 That I'm alive
 And feel first rate;

Eben.— { I think it right,

Cara.— { Oh blessed sight,

Eben.— { And fortunate,

Cara.— { And fortunate,

Eben.— { That I'm alive,

Cara.— { That you're alive,

Eben.— { And feel first rate.
Cara.— { And feel first rate.
All.— Oh blessed sight,
 And fortunate,
 That he's alive,
 And feels first rate.

(*EBEN shows signs of disliking* CHEMISTS, SUITORS, and MAIDS, and *PROF. sends them out.*)

Prof.— Go!— he don't like you!
 (*Exeunt* CHEMISTS, SUITORS, and MAIDS, L.)
 (*Pointing to EBEN.*) There! miss.

Cara.— Mighty seer!
 Unequaled, famed, admired far and near,
 How can I sing your praises, how reward
 Your glorious ———

King (interrupting).— That's enough!
 (*To PROF.*) We can't afford
 To recompense you as we wish we could,
 But we are pleased — your work is very good.

Cara.— Ah! sir!— I thank you!— I can do no more.

(*Turns to EBEN, who, through all has been examining himself and things about him.*)

(*To EBEN.*) And you — you thank him with me, too.

Eben.— What for?

(*EBEN says following in a low voice and uninterested manner.*)

Cara.— For having made you.

Eben.— Well?

Cara.— Oh, please be good,
 And thank him with me — Ah!— I wish you would.

Eben.— Why should I thank him — just observe that leg —
 Is that a masterpiece — that wooden peg?
 Is that the kind of thing to drag about?
 It isn't decent — there's no sort of doubt;
 And then, those thumbs — he's put 'em wrong side
 on—
 That left one should be like the other one.
They're wrong — and then, he's made me much too
 short;
 I ought to have been taller — yes! — I ought;
 And look at all that hair — that ugly nose;
 Would *you* be satisfied with ears like those;
 Well *I'm* — *not* satisfied.

- Cara.*— Don't be so sad!
I think you're lovely.
- Eben.*— Then I hope *you're* glad.
(Goes up to table, sits on it and swings his legs.)
- Cara.*— *I'm* very glad — and think you should agree;
 Now thank the kind Professor, please, for *me*.
- Eben.*— I won't!
- Cara.*— Please! Don't you like him?
- Eben.*— No!
- Cara.*— Why not?
- Eben.*— Why should I — he's no better than the lot.
 They all are very ugly.
- King.*— What's he at?
 Do you include your Pa-in-law in that?
- Eben.*— Are *you* my Pa-in-law.
- King.*— Your Pa-in-law!!
 And shall expect more deference.
- Eben.*— Oh pshaw!
- King.*— What's this? *(Turning angrily.)*
- Cara.*— Oh! father, please leave him to me.
 He don't know any better — can't you see?
 Ah! charming lover!
- Eben.*— Lover?
- Cara.*— Yes; my beau.
 You are to love and marry me.
- Eben.*— Oh! ho!
 Then *that's* the reason why I have been made —
 You might have asked me first.
- Cara.*— Our plans were laid.
 But are you sorry?
- Eben.*— Yes; of course I am.
- Cara.*— And don't you care to live?
- Eben.*— Don't care a d—
- All (very loud).*— Ahem!!!
- King.*— Young man! What! in our presence do you swear?
 Before King Nougat First?
- Eben.*— Oh! I don't care!
- King.*— Good gracious!
- Cara.*— Please, dear father, don't you see
 You're taking his attention off from me?
 My dearest, may I speak?
- Eben.*— Oh! go ahead.

Cara.— You are to love me dearly, and to wed
Whenever I am ready. And — what's more —
I'm — ready now.

Eben.— You said all that before.

Cara.— Am I not pretty?

Eben.— Rather.

Cara.— Then your lot

Is not so very hard.

Eben.— I'd rather not.

Cara.— Ah, me! though cruel, still to him I cling;
Perhaps he will be kinder if I sing.

(*Turns, weeping.*)

NO. 10. (*Music.*)

Cara.— Cans't thou see me sadly crying?
Hoping still thy heart to move?

Eben.— I'd rather not!

Cara.— Cans't thou still resist the sighing
Of a heart-imploring love?

Eben.— I'd rather not!

Cara.— Think what a beautiful wedding
We can have, if agreeable you are.

Eben.— I'd rather not!

Cara.— Expenses you needn't be dreading,
For they will all be borne by pa.

Ah!

Flowers, and silk and satin for me;

Jewelry, wine, tobacco for thee.

A beautiful house, all shining and new,

With ebonized chairs and furniture for two.

Eben.— But notwithstanding that, I'd rather not!

Cara. & Eben.—

Ah!

Cara.— { Flowers, and silk and satin for me.

Eben.— { Flowers, and silk and satin for thee,

Cara.— { Jewelry, wine, tobacco for thee.

Eben.— { Jewelry, wine, tobacco for me.

Cara.— { A beautiful house, all shining and new,

Eben.— { A beautiful house, all shining and new,

Cara.— { With ebonized chairs, and furniture for two.

Eben.— { With ebonized chairs, and furniture for two.

Cara.— Oh! dearest, wilt thou be my beau? (*Holds last note.*)

Eben.— I'm sorry, but it can't be so.

Cara.— Oh! dearest, please to be my beau. (*Holds last note.*)

Eben.— I'd rather not; I tell you no!

Cara.— { To be married so happily, say, wilt thou go?

Eben.— { To be married so happily, I will not go!

Cara.— { He'd rather not.

Eben.— { I'd rather not.

(*CARA. turns slowly, weeping. EBEN still sits on table and swings his legs.*)

Cara.— What shall I do? (*Weeping.*)

King.— By all the Pins — of which I am the king —
If you don't love my daughter, I will wring
Your neck, and have you taken by the ear
And pounded into jelly. Do you hear?
Yes; pounded! mashed up! Aye, reduced to slosh!
As quick as you can wink your eye!

Eben.— Oh, bosh!

King.— What? BOSH! to me?

Cara.— Oh! sir, one last appeal;
Just one more chance to win him. He *must* feel
The weight of burning love. (*Kneels to EBEN.*)

My own! My life!

A princess here implores to be your wife.

Oh! love me just a little.

Here I swear to worship you; to soften every care;

To comfort you in sorrow — all I vow,

If you will love me just a little now.

You do not answer. Haven't you a heart?

Speak! — won't you love me now?

Eben.— I'd rather not.

King.— It is enough! — the villain!

Cara. (*turning angrily to Prof.*)— Nay! not so!

There! — is the villain! there! — our secret foe!

(*Pointing to Prof.*)

'Tis he! — I say!

King.— What's all this row about?

You've left some necessary organ out!

(*Prof. falls on his knees.*)

Prof.— Oh, honored Nougat! — Mighty King!

King.— Enough!

Cease complimenting! — I am in a huff.

(*Calling.*) Hey! chemists!!

(*Enter CHEMISTS and MAIDS L.—SUITORS look through window.*)

Chemists.— Yes! your Highness!

- King.*— What's the row?
Prof.— The vital organs all are in.
Chemists.— We vow!
King.— There's something wrong!
Cara.— His heart is what I miss.
Prof.— He has a heart — I'm certain!
Sassy. (*taking down heart mixture*).— What is this?
Prof.— The mixture of the heart!! — Oh, woe is me!
 But we can make him drink it!
Sassy. (*aside to MAIDS*).— Now we'll see!
 We're ducky darlings, are we! — Where's his nurse?
 For drinking that I think he'll turn out worse.
 (*Prof. approaches EBEN with heart mixture.*)
Cara.— But will it hurt him?
Prof.— No! it's nice and sweet!
 It's made of caramels, from your receipt.
 Here, gentle creature.
 (*Offers mixture to EBEN.*)
Cara.— If he only would!
 Please drink the mixture, dearest!
Eben.— Is it good?
Cara.— Delicious! it will soften all your woes.
Sassy. (*sarcastically*).— Oh, yes! its's very soothing!
Eben.— Well, here goes!

No. 11.

(*EBEN takes mixture from Prof. and drinks, then sings.*)

- Eben.*— I feel a sort of heavenly spirit!
 I think there must be ginger in it.
 (*Drinks again.*)
 I now begin to feel more frisky!
 I think it must be Bourbon whiskey.
 (*Drinks all.*)

(*Interlude. EBEN begins to skip about and dance.*)

No. 12.

- Eben.*— What a charming state is this,
 Glowing with ecstatic bliss,
 Pulse so full — so vigorous flows
 From head to heels — 'way down to toes.
 I'll up for action — strike for fame,
 I'll win renown, as sure's my name —

I'll win renown, as sure's my name is —
As sure's my name is —

(*Pause—comes down.*)

(*Speaks.*) Ah! horrid thought—I have *no* name.
Great Heavens!!

(*Turning to CARA. and KING.*)

What's my name!!—do you hear me?
What's my name!!!

(*Low music through following; EBEN walks furiously up and down; KING and PROF. speak low, down L.; while CARA. stands deeply thinking R.*)

Cara.— Good gracious! (*Thinks.*)

Prof.— Murder!—here he has us flat.

He has *no* name—we did n't think of that!

King.— No name?—that's so! We left it out—great guns!

(*Pause, thinking.*)

Great guns! great guns! great guns!

Professor, what's the rhyme for *guns*?

Prof. (*hurriedly, breaking into prose.*)—

See! he's getting very angry—it's no time for rhyme now.—Speak in prose—quick, for gracious sakes! and think of something; get up some kind of a name, and tell him—if he gets mad it will ruin all!

King.— That's a fact! He *is* getting very angry. I can't think—you think of something, Professor—he's scowling at me!

Prof.— I see the force of your argument, and also observe the satanic depression of the eye-brows you refer to; but, for the life of me, I can't think of anything but Johnny.

King.— Well, call him Johnny—quick!

Prof. (*turning to Eben.*)—Ahem! your name is —

Cara. (*suddenly coming front.*)—Oh! I have it! It is a name
I always wanted my lover to have. How lucky
it was that I remembered it. Oh! it's perfectly
lovely!

No. 13.

Cara.— Oh! goddess fair. Ah! heavenly maid;
Thou of Cyprian fame;
I thank thee for thy loving aid

- In giving me this name —
 This most delightful name.
 No earthly radiance can compare,
 In beauty, with this name so fair.
- All.*— No earthly radiance can compare.
- Cara.*— This name for which I long have sought,
 Before which other names are naught;
 Most beautiful and charming name —
 Most exquisite and lovely name.
- All.*— A pleasant sound it has, no doubt.
 So now, at once, let's have it out,
 That name — at once — let's have it out,
 Is —
- Cara.*— E-b-eb-e-n-ez-e-r, spells Ebenezer,
 And R-i-l-e-y, spells Riley;
 Ebenezer Riley is his name.
- All.*— E-b-eb-e-n-ez-e-r, spells Ebenezer,
 And R-i-l-e-y spells Riley.
 Ebenezer Riley is his name.
- Cara.*— Oh! beautiful!
- Eben (angrily).*— 'Tis damnable!
- All.*— Oh! beautiful!
- Eben.*— No; damnable!
- All.*— We think it beautiful!
- Eben.*— Damnable! damnable!
 Damnable! damnable, etc.
- (*Ad lib., until it leads into*)

No. 14.

- Eben.*— Odious creatures! you've used me vilely,
 To give me such a name as Ebenezer Riley.
 Bah!
 Bah! bah! bah! bah!
- (*Walking up and down furiously.*)
- All.*— How he's raving! how he's storming!
 Oh! I wish we'd given him another name.
 This is really quite alarming,
 I'm awful sorry that I came,
 I'm awful sorry that I came;
 I'm sorry that I came,
 I'm sorry that I came.
- (*Interlude.*)

Eben.— Since you've named me Ebenezer —
 Ground me out of that hanged old freezer;
 And have worked your plans so slyly,
 By adding on the name of Riley,—
 Since it's so you'll find me a teaser;
 I'm going to get on my Ebenezer.
 Since it's so I *will* be rily.
 With a vengeance I will rile.

All.— How he's raving! how he's storming!
 Oh! I wish we'd given him another name.
 This is really quite alarming,
 I'm awful sorry that I came,
 I'm awful sorry that I came;
 I'm sorry that I came,
 I'm sorry that I-came.

Eben.— { Oh! I will break up all your furniture and para-
 phernalia.

Cara. & S.— { See!! how he's raving!

Chorus.— { Oh! — just — see — how — he — is — rav — ing!

Eben.— { I will exterminate, and devil a thing that can
 avail ye;

Cara. & S.— { Strangely behaving.

Chorus.— { How — in — de — cent — ly — be — hav — ing.

Eben.— { Break all your window-glass and play the dickens
 generally.

Cara. & S.— { Sad, this is getting.

Chorus.— { This — is — get — ting — most — vex — a — tious.

Eben.— { Yes! I will raise the very deuce!

Cara. & S.— { And alarming, too,

Chorus.— { And — a — harm — ing — too — good — gra — cious!

Eben.— { Oh! I will break up all your furniture and para-
 phernalia.

Cara. & S.— { Oh! dear me.

Oh! dear me?

Chorus.— { “ “ “

“ “ “

Eben.— { I will exterminate, and devil a thing that can
 avail ye.

Cara. & S.— { Can it be

That is he?

Chorus.— { “ “ “

“ “ “

Eben.— { Break all your window-glass, and play the dickens
 generally.

Cara. & S.— { Oh! dear me.

Can it be?

Chorus.— { “ “ “

“ “ “

Eben.— { Yes! I will raise the very deuce!!
 Cara.& S.— { That is he.
 Chorus.— { “ “ “

(EBEN seizes glass retort and chases all out—PROF. dodges behind table and EBEN chases him around—breaks retort.)

(Curtain.)

ACT III.

(Same scene as First Act, but windows all broken and everything smashed—placard nailed up: “RECRUITS WANTED!!” “EXPEDITION AGAINST EBENEZER RILEY.” Telephone hung by L. C. door.)

(Curtain rises upon SUITORS, worn and dejected looking, sitting in a row on back wall, holding guitars, all fast asleep.)

(Music.)

No. 1.

(Music gradually gets louder—at each rise of music, a suitor yawns and awakes.)

1st Suitor (awakening, yawns).—

Ah — a!

(Pause for music.)

2d Suitor.—

Ah — a!

(Pause.)

3d Suitor.—

Ah — a!

(Pause.)

4th Suitor.—

Ah — a!

(Pause.)

5th Suitor.—

Ah — a!

(Pause.)

6th Suitor.—

Ah — a!

All (yawning).—Ah! — Ah! — Ah! — Ah! —

(Then continue in monotone.)

All.—

Oh! how cold and stiff I am,

Is it morning yet?

Can the music of the guitar melt the heart

Of the daughter of the King.

No! — the music of the guitar can *not* melt

The heart of the daughter of the King.

We have played all the tunes we know;

This is the only one we have left,

And still she is not melted!

No. 2.

*(Music for KING's entrance.)**(Enter KING c. door, in night-gown and cap, with sceptre.)*

King.— Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown;
 The live-long night, since e'er I laid me down,
 Such horrid sounds — such vile, unearthly yells
 Have echoed hence, as 'twere from deepest hells;
 That slumber, filled with horror at it, fled,
 And left me to my loneliness — in bed.
 From hence, it came.

(Looks around—sees SUITORS—starts.)

Good gracious! Oh! it's you?

Suits (very meekly).— Yes! please your Highness.

King.— You're a handsome crew!

Suits.— Yes! please your Highness.

King.— Were you here all night?

Suits.— Yes! please your Highness.

King.— Did you come to fight?

Suits.— Yes! please your Highness.

King.— You enlist with me?

Suits.— Yes! please your Highness.

King.— Then we all agree?

This Ebenezer Riley we must kill.

You swear to sweep him from the earth.

Suits (very loud).— *We will!!**(Suits all get down from wall, and come forward.)*

King.— That's right!— Hey! captain!

(1st S. comes forward.)

We must have the head

Of Ebenezer Riley — 'live or dead.

Your regiment — 'tis ready?

Capt. (1st SUITOR).— Fully manned!

Besides this regiment, I've brought a band.

King.— 'Tis well!— march out the army!

Capt.— *Tention — all!!*

Four's right by two along that garden wall.

Left wheel, and form a parabolic arch,

And stop right in the centre — forward — march!

(6th S. marches to centre with gun.)

King.— Ah! — that's our army, is it? — fine display!

We've *never* turned out finer than to-day.

He might be larger.

Capt.— He's the only one
Who knows the way to fire off that gun—
It's dangerous.

King.— Indeed!— this man will suit;
We want an army who knows how to shoot—
You think he's fierce?

Capt.— He's thirsting for the fight!

(*To 6th S.*) You're thirsting, ar'n't you?

(*Listening intently to 6th S.*)

(*Turning to KING.*) Yes!— he is!

King.— That's right!

And brave?

Capt. (*To 6th S.*)— You're brave?

(*Listening to 6th S.*) He says he longs for gore!

King.— And when he's got it?

Capt. (*to 6th S.*)— When you've got it?

(*Listening — then to KING.*) More!!!

King.— Ah! that's a martial spirit fine to see;
I've rarely known a bolder soul than he.

6th S. (*timidly*).— Dear Captain!

Capt. (*to KING*).— Ah!— excuse me —

(*Listening to 6th S. — then aloud.*) Very well!

(*To KING.*) Before he goes, he wishes you would tell
The size and nature of this villain.

King.— Don't he know
Our wicked, treacherous, and hated foe?
This Ebenezer Riley, fierce and bad,
Who roams about our country raving mad,
Who's cutting all our water pipes, and gas,
And breaking all our French plate window glass:
Upsetting all our hay-stacks — throwing stones,
Destroying the wires of our telephones.
We tell you we won't stand it any more;
And to make certain we have passed this law.

(*KING unrolls large proclamation. Music. Then King sings.*)

No. 3.

King (*spoken*).— Section one!

(*Sings.*) Nougat First the King of Pins,
Hereditary monarch of this domain,

(*Aside.*) (This is the way the law begins.)

First!

(*Quickly and in monotone.*)

Whereas, A person calling himself Ebenezer Riley, has, by force and arms, cut the water pipes of our realm; cut the gas pipes of our realm; broken the window glass of our realm; upset the hay-stacks of our realm; frightened the women of our realm; prowled about our realm; and generally hurt, scared, damaged, terrified, and seriously deranged our realm;

Be it Resolved!

All.— Ebenezer Riley must be hanged!

(*Telephone bell rings; — King goes back c., and speaks through it.*)

King.— Hullo! Hullo! Hullo! Central office! Hey? Central office! Central office!!! (*Aside.*) (The central office is a little off his base.) Hey? Of course I did! Connect me with central barracks. Yes, they are too! Look in the Directory! Hey? Well, why didn't you do it before? What's that you say? I heard you!—you confounded— (*Whispers in telephone.*) What? You'd better pay attention to business, or I will. Hullo!—Central guard house and barracks! Of course it is.—Hey? Yes! Nougat First! Well, you'd better! Have you seen Ebenezer Riley this morning? Has he done anything in particular this A. M.? Can't you understand? Has he done anything in particular this A. M.? Has-he-done-any-thing-in-par-tic-u-lar-this-D.-A.-M.!! Well, why didn't you say so— (By George!!) that's the worst yet! Why didn't you stop him? Get it mended, then, so that it *will* shoot. Oh, tell them to charge it. Yes, they will—they know me. Riley broke it?—(Oh! the villain!) He does, hey? Was he coming very rapidly? What? Oh! More indignities, more destruction! (*Very angry.*) I'll fix him! (*Smiles.*) You don't say so! Of course we can. Is he there now? (*Laughs.*) That's the best I've heard yet. Well! Be sure that nobody wakes him. Hey? Oh! Good-bye. (*Comes down.*) By George!

(*Sings.*) Whereas, This person aforesaid, calling himself Ebenezer Riley, has gone and been and laid himself down upon the lea side of a convenient hay-

stack, and whereas he has with him only a broom handle and two bricks, and whereas, besides all this, he is fast asleep and snoring like mad;

Be it resolved:

All.— Ebenezer Riley must be hanged!

(*While KING is singing enter CARA. and SASSY. L., who stand listening L., back.*)

Cara. (*to SASSY.*)— What does this mean?

(*To KING.*)

What do you mean, I say.

Oh, father dearest! tell me quick, I pray!

What means this proclamation— what is wrong?

My former suitors here in raging throng;—

Why is that regiment equipped for war?

The reason why he scowls?

King.—

He thirsts for gore,

For Riley gore, alas! with pain I tell,

But Riley is behaving far from well.

Cara.— What has he done?

King.—

I'll tell you by-and-by.

But 'twon't avail, for Riley's doomed to die.

Cara.— Oh, father dear, have pity! Oh, be kind,—

With Ebenezer's fortune *I'm* entwined.

I beg— implore you— by yon heavenly dome,

By all the stones of our ancestral home,

By yonder moat, so full of little snakes,

Which you delight to feed with buckwheat cakes.

(*King weeps.*)

He weeps! he yields!

King (*sobbing*).—

My daughter, we relent;

We will abandon our unjust intent;—

But no!— the martial fire in us burns.

We are a King! and nothing ever turns

A sovereign from his purpose— we must go,

But we will do it very, *very* slow.

Cara.— But if you find my Ebenezer dear?

King.— We'll capture him alive, and bring him here;

If he will love you fondly, and behave,

We'll save him from a disagreeable grave.

But if he *won't*—

Cara.—

Oh! that's a kind papa;

He *will* behave— Ah! what a dear you are.

(*Kisses KING.*)

King.— But now, to action— captain!

Capt.—

Here! my Lord!

King.— All ready?

Capt.— Yes! your Highness.

King.— Give the word.

Capt.— Attention comp'ny!—sure you understand,
We'll have a little prelude by the band,
Who'll play us one of their most martial psalms,
Then march when I command you;

(*Aloud.*) Shoulder arms!

(*Band plays prelude with orchestra, and also accompaniment to song, both S. silent drill.*)

No. 4.

King.— We go to death and carnage,
And probably to wounds,
But we shall take this band along,
To play inspiring tunes;
So do your duty bravely,
And fight your very worst,
For every deed will be observed
By mighty Nougat First.

All.— Ta ra—ta ra—ta ra—ta ra—

(*All mark time.*)

So forward march to glory, and honor, and fame,
So that we shall earn, when we return,
A highly illustrious name.

So forward march, to glory, and honor, and fame,
So that we shall earn, when we return,
A highly illustrious name.

(*March about stage during chorus.*)

2d Verse.

King.— This Riley is a bad one,
The truth I will not hide,
And when my daughter called him "sweet."
She obviously lied;
But he who crushes him shall be
Most richly reimbursed,
By being made the son-in-law
Of mighty Nougat First.

All.— Ta ra—ta ra—ta ra—ta ra—

Chorus (same as first.)

(*All keep step and march, at last chorus.*)

(*Exeunt SUITORS R. gate, marching and singing, CARA. and SASSY. waving handkerchiefs.*)

(KING marches around by himself, singing loudly — goes to R. gate, turns and says,)

King.— I go to face the horrors of war,
The horrors of war,
Au-reservoir, (waving hand.)

(Exit KING R. gate.)

(Pause.)

Cara.— Ah me! I fear that trouble will arise,
Though Ebenezer dear is twice the size
Of that blood-thirsty army, still, *he's* armed
And Ebenezer isn't — if he's harmed
I don't know what I'll do — I'd like to know
Why Ebenezer is behaving so;
Before he drank that mixture he was good.
And would have been so sweet — I know he would.

(Enter PROFESSOR, slowly, carpet-bag, large comb and brush under his arm, reading a large book.)

Prof. (solil.).—Yes! — here it is — the very point I sought,
All night I've read, and wrestled with great thought,
And now I have it — Princess, where's your pa.

Cara.— My father, sir, has gone —

Prof.— What!

Cara.— Gone to war
'Gainst Mr. Riley — and I think he means
To split and smash him into smithereens.

Prof.— To smithereens — to smithereens — Lost!! Lost!!
To think of all the time and thought he's cost;
I'd just discovered — *here* — a recipe,
By which to change him good as he should be —
It's just my luck.

Cara.— What have you found?

Prof.— Observe—

Guy Fawkes's hair was parted in a curve,
Dick Turpin's parting, in a cue was hid,
But probably, 'twas just like Captain Kidd,
Whose hair was parted in a side-long course,
Also the men who kidnapped Charlie Ross;
Jeff Davis, Cettawayo, Robespierre,—
All wicked men, thus parted wore their hair;
You see the point — these wicked men defied
Kind nature's laws by parting on the side;
George Washington's was parted, so I've read,
Exactly in the middle of the head;

Ben Franklin, Martin Luther, Newton, too,
 Mark Twain and Kit Columbus, Richelieu;
 Diogenes, Ben Butler, Cicero,
 Moody and Sankey, and others you well know.
 All these good men, without the barber's art,
 Had hair which curled out from a centre part.
 Now, Riley's hair is frizzled in a bang,
 Which places him among the wicked gang.
 I found this point within that ancient tome,
 And could have cured him with this brush and comb.

Cara.— Oh! try it, sir.

Prof.— They've gone!

Cara.— It's not too late!
 Oh! find my pa!

Prof.— I will, as sure as fate!

(*Exit PROF., running, large gate R.*)

Cara.— Yes, he is right. (*Looking around audience.*)

(*Solil.*) I see it everywhere!

This side and middle parting of the hair.

I see — (*looking about audience*) —

That underneath each centre part

There is a softness both of head and heart;

And if a parting on the side there be,

The head and heart is hard.

(*Looking about the audience.*)

Yes, so I see.

Ah! if that dear Professor is in time,

'Twill save my love from danger — pa from crime.

I wonder why my Eben rages so,

That he to our caress returns a blow.

That mixture was the cause of all this pain,

(*Looking at SASSY., who cries.*)

And trouble — why, you're crying once again!

Sassy.— Oh, Princess! I have suffered for a week,

And cannot stand it longer. I *must* speak!

I did it!

Cara.— Sassyfrass!

Sassy.— Oh, Princess dear!

I must confess — my crime you now shall hear.

(*Music. SASSY. comes forward and sings.*)

No. 5.

Sassy.— When Ebenezer's vital senses
 Were lying 'round in little boxes,

A - brooding over his offences,
 We entered the Professor's den,
 For vengeance in our hearts was raging.
 With wicked zeal we wished to spoil
 The beauteous work that he was making —
 The grand result of years of toil.

(CARA. and SASSY. dance around together, both weeping.)

Cara.— What is this story I hear?

Sassy.— Pardon me, Princess dear!

Cara.— Poor Ebenezer!

	{	What shall I do?
		Heavy and troubled my heart;
(Both.)		Sorry and gloomy my lot.
		Sad is my heart!
		Sad is my heart!

2d verse.

Sassy.— Upon a shelf we found the mixture,
 Containing all the preparation
 For making of the heart a fixture
 Secure in Ebenezer's frame,
 We poured the mixture in a mortar,
 And then with vile and wicked art
 We did a thing we had n't ought'er,
 We pounded in that Cinnamon Heart.

(Duet — same as first — both dancing and weeping.)

No. 6.

(Hurried music — girls stop expectant, CARA. front R.,
 SASSY. back L. — great noise — enter KING, with bloody nose,
 over wall — runs across.)

King.— The foe! the foe! the foe!

(Exit quickly, c. door — enter CAPT. in same way.)

Capt.— Oh! what a dreadful blow!

(Exit same way — enter 2d SUITOR in same way.)

2d S.— Ah! bitter, bitter woe! (Drops tin drum.)

(Exit c. door — enter 3d S.)

3d S.— Tremendous overthrow!

(Exit c. door — enter 4th S.)

4th S.— We are pursued — I know!

(Exit c. door — enter 5th S.)

5th S.— He's right out there, below!

(Exit c. door — enter 6th S.)

6th S.— That old gun would n't go!

(*Throws down gun, and exit c. door.*)

Sassy.— I know that *I* can go.

(*Exit c. door.*)

Cara.— My beau! my beau!

(*Stands waiting.*)

(*Drawbridge raised from inside — pause — then noise, and EBEN. jumps over wall, rushes to c., picks up gun, turns to castle and speaks furiously.*)

Eben.— Hi yar! hoo raw! Where are those bloody wretches?
I very nearly had them in my clutches.
Come out, you rascals! show your ugly faces,
And I will pound you black and blue, like blazes.
Come out! Come out! You, Nougat 1st — you
coward!

You're quicker far at running back, than forward.
Come out, I say! Send out that valiant army.
Ho! send it out, I say! — it won't alarm me.
Why don't it come? Perhaps it does n't care to.
Ha! ha! — You dirty cowards, you don't dare to.
Come out, you crows! — you black and ugly jack-
daws!

You can't escape — that castle has no back doors.
I know it well — I've been about here often.
Come out! Perhaps your arguments can soften
My righteous anger. Ha! why don't you try it?
My anger's cheap — it's possible to buy it.
Yes! I'll relent if bags of gold are showered.

(*Aside.*) He has n't any gold. (*Aloud.*) Come out, you
coward!

You won't come out? I'll drag you out and pound
you

Like that! and that! and that! and that! etc.

(*Pounds on tin drum ad lib. with gun — knocks it about until
in front of Cara. — sees her, and stops suddenly.*)

(*Pause.*)

(EBEN. and CARA. looking at each other.)

Cara. (*softly*). — My love!

(*Pause.*)

My love!

Eben. (*astonished*). — A spirit!!

Cara.— Nay, my dear!

I'm not a spirit — there's no spirit here.

I'm Caramella; still in love, and true

To all the vows I plighted.

Eben.— Ha! it's *you!!!*

(*Springs at CARA., seizes her and begins to squeeze her in anger — likes it and changes manner.*)

I'll have *your* blood, in spite of all appeals.

I'll squeeze you into shreds!

(*Aside.*) How nice it feels.

(*Business. Puts arm around CARA.'s waist — both come down.*)

You can't be Caramella — she was plain;

And *you* are sweet:

(*Aside.*) I'm going to squeeze again.

(*Embraces and kisses CARA.*)

There! are you angry? Nay — you smile at this.

You seem to like it. Is it wrong to kiss?

But though 'gainst worldly fashion or its law,

I'll brave the consequence, and kiss once more.

But where? — your lips? Your cheek is softer far.

Your hair? — Your eyes are softer than your hair.

What shall I kiss? You like it? — then command.

Cara. (*looking at audience*). — They're looking at us.

Eben.— Then I'll kiss your hand.

(*Kneels and kisses CARA.'s hand.*)

And this is Caramella; is she changed,

Or have I been demented, mad, deranged?

I did n't like her manner; it appeared

As if she thought I ought to be endeared

Immediately to her; which, of course,

I did n't do.

Cara.— Why not?

Eben.— Oh! I felt cross.

I don't like to be ordered here and there;

I have too many troubles now to bear.

Cara.— And have you troubles? Share them, dear, with me.

Eben.— I've troubles, yes — particularly three;

I'd like to find out by what moral right

A lot of city swells come out to fight

And chase me 'round the country — that's the first,

And then I have a most *infernal* thirst,

As if I'd eaten pepper, salt, or cinnamon,—

Cara.— Ah! Cinnamon!!!

Eben.— Yes, and when it's once begun,

The pain is terrible — so sharp and tart,

With such a bad effect upon the heart —

A burning feeling — like a fiery flame.
But worst of all my troubles is my name.

Cara. — Oh, I will share *that* !

Eben. (*aside*). — Now — what can she mean,
How can she share that trouble — am I green?

(*Aloud.*) No! — I suppose I'll always be stared at
As "Ebenezer Riley" — think of that!
It pains me — but the name is for a man.
You couldn't share a *man's* name.

Cara. — Yes, I can!

Dear Ebenezer! (*Sweetly.*)

Eben. (*starting*). — Ah! — say that again;
That sounds delightful! — *that* don't give me pain;
That's quite a pretty name! — Oh say it more,
It never sounded beautiful before.

Cara. — Oh! — Ebenezer. (*Sweetly.*)

Eben. — Lovely!! — why, it's fine,
I wouldn't *know* the name — it *can't* be mine,
It's much *too* good — a little while ago,
You said you'd share it — now I want to know
How that can be?

Cara. (*coyly*). — By getting married!

Eben. — How?

We marry? — well, I rather like it now;
Yes! — that's a fine idea.

Cara. — Ah! — *now* you're good,
I'm very glad that you have understood;
I was afraid you wouldn't — now let's talk
Of our plans — and take a little walk;
We have a pretty garden over there,
(*Pointing L.*)

It's my especial property and care,
And as we walk — we will beguile the way
By saying pretty things —

Eben. — Yes! — so I say;
I'll whisper, first, those pretty things to thee,
Then you must answer pretty things to me.

(*Music.*)

No. 7.

(*EBEN. sings.*)

Eben. — A tender fragrance fills the air,
The flowers bloom when thou art near;
Rivulets stop to listen
When thy sweet voice they hear.

Rushing away with passion torn,
Never at peace when thou art gone.

But thou art here,
Ah!— my dear.

Never shall we parted be,
Never a clouded sky;
Never a shadow fall to thee,
Never a troubled sigh!

(*Interlude.*)

2d Verse.

Eben.— To thee — cold fate no ill can bring,
The rose — no thorn, the bee — no sting,
Melody fills all nature,
Hoping to hear thee sing;
Clashing aloud in accents mad,
Weeping again when thou art sad;

But thou art glad,
Ah! — my dear!

Never shall we parted be,
Never a clouded sky,
Never a shadow fall to thee,
Never a troubled sigh.

(*EBEN. holds CARAMELLA'S hand — suddenly starts — looks around — sniffs and smells and starts away.*)

Eben. (furiously).—

I smell carbonic acid — phosphorus,
That vile Professor!!

Cara.— He can't trouble us,
He's not here!

Eben.— Well — perhaps I may be wrong,
My sense of smelling, though, is very strong.
Ah dearest. (*Very tenderly.*)

(*Again changes manner — sniffs and smells — starts back.*)

(*Violently.*) Lager!!—I smell lager beer!
That King — that coward Nougat has been here;
I know he has!

Cara.— Oh what a silly man,
Now do be good and pleasant, if you can.
I dream of you as charming — Ah! those dreams!

(*EBEN. smiles sweetly.*)

That's right — that's how you look.

(*KING looks out of window.*)

King (aside).— How sweet he seems.

(EBEN. and CARA. turn and see KING.)

Cara.— Oh!—there's Papa! (*Foyfully.*)

Eben. (*satirically.*)— Yes!—there's Papa!

Cara.— Oh—come!

Come down and see us—we are waiting.

King (*doubtingly.*)— Hum!!

(*Aside to CARA.*) He's safe?

Cara.— I've made of him a perfect cure.

Eben. (*through teeth.*) Oh yes!—I'm cured!

(*Aside.*) I have him this time, sure!!

(EBEN. picks up gun, and begins to turn back cuffs—KING leaves window.)

Cara.— Oh!—isn't this delightful—here we are,

All three united—you and I, and Pa.

Eben. (*satirically.*)— Oh yes!—it's very pleasant.

(Enter KING c. door—comes forward very blusteringly.)

King.— Ah!—how do!

How are you Riley—glad to welcome you.

I didn't know that you were here—before;

Come, shake hands and be friends again!

Eben. (*yelling.*)— Hoo—raw!!

(*Turns and jumps at KING with gun.*)

I have you this time—lone and overpowered,

And now I'll give you fits—you bloody coward.

(*Chasing and hitting KING.*)

Cara.— Oh!—Ebenezer!!

King (*running.*)— Murder!!—help!!

Eben. (*chasing and striking KING.*)— Hoo—raw!!

(KING falls—EBENEZER strikes as he speaks.)

Take that!—and that!—and that!—and more!

Take that!—and that!—and that!—(*etc. ad lib. until*

SUITORS rush in—capture EBEN.—SUITORS sit on him.)

(KING rises slowly and rubs himself.)

King.— Good gracious!—Oh!—my back.

Capt.— We have him tight!

Cara.— Don't hurt him!

Eben.— Let me go and I will fight

The whole ungainly pack of you—let go

Unhand me!!

(*Struggles to get free—rises but is held by SUITORS.*)

King.— Silence!!

Cara.— Give him freedom.

King.—

No!

Just take him to the dungeon — let me see,
The darkest and most dirty — forty-three —
In forty-three secure him to the floor
With irons — pound and kick him 'till he's raw;
Scrape him with files — put him upon the rack—
Let's see — what else — Oh — canterize his back.
That's all I think —

Cara.—

Oh Father — Father!

King (to Capt.).—

Go!!

(*Exeunt CAPT. and SUITORS, leading EBEN.— CARA. sinks down sobbing.*)

Cara. (*starting up*).—

I pray you Father—

King (*aside*).—

Here it comes — I know.

Cara.— Oh Father — dearest Father — hear me now,

I charge you, Father — yes — by all your —

King (*interrupting, and calling loudly*).— Captain!!

(*Aside.*) I'm not going to be wheedled over to mercy — if she charges me I know I'll explode.

(*Enter Capt.*)

(*Loudly.*) Captain, I say — well — what do you

Stand there looking at —

Why don't you bring him out?

Capt.— Who — Riley?

King.— Of course — Riley — who else should

I mean — why don't you obey me, sir?

Bring him out!

Capt.— Yes, sir.

King.— Bring a block!

Capt.— Yes, sir.

King.— Bring the executioner!

Capt.— Yes, sir.

King (*low*).—And captain, invite all the maids to the execution
— 25 cents a ticket — they'll pay it. (*Lond.*) Well
— why don't you obey — do you hear me?

(*Exit CAPT., hurriedly.*)

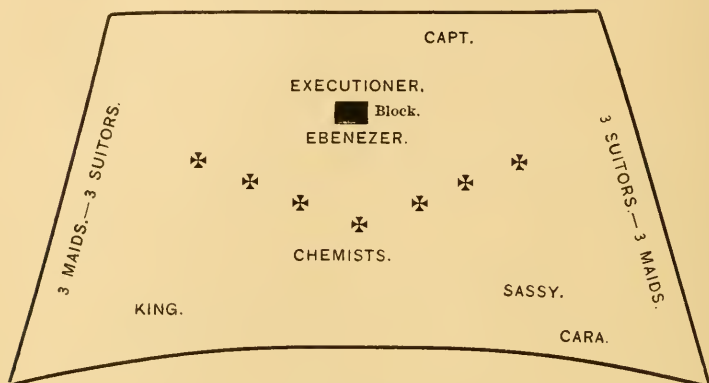
(*KING walks up and down, mumbling to himself— CARA. sobbing down R.*)

No. 8.

(*Music.*)

(*Enter SUITORS with block — CAPTAIN stands at door and takes tickets from maids. Enter EXECUTIONER with great pair*

of scissors — enter CHEMISTS leading EBENEZER. All take positions, viz. :



No. 9.

(Music.)

King.— This is a very unpleasant situation,
But we must proceed without further hesitation.
This *is as good a way as I know* —

(*Pointing to scissors.*)

To dispose of my foes!

(*EXECUTIONER comes down with scissors.*)

All.— This *is as good a way* —
This *is as good a way as he knows*
To dispose of his foes.

(Interlude.)

Maids.— Oh! he's going to have his head cut off —
Oh! how horrid he will look!

All.— Shish! shish! shish! shish!
Never more — no, never, can he have his
Picture took.
Never more — no, never, can he have his
Picture took.

(*EXECUTIONER prepares to cut EBEN.'s head off with scissors.*)

King.— Proceed! — why do you hesitate?

Maids.— Oh! he's going to begin!
Oh! I wish we had the money back we
Paid for our tickets.

Suitors.—Just look at him—

All.— He's going for to cut his head off!
 He's going for to cut his head off!!
 He's going for to cut his head off!!!

(*All hold last note.*)

(*PROF. heard outside.— all wait expectant holding note—enter*

PROF. hurriedly—jumps over wall—runs to centre—Tableau.

No. 10.

Prof.— Hold!

(*Fast.*) Never was a time when so fast I've had to travel,
 Jumping over ditches and tremendous heaps of gravel,
 Back yards, pits, and innumerable brick kilns,
 Coal bins, ash heaps, otherwise impregnable;
 Mud, dirt, wet and objectionable odors,
 Chemically mixed of asafœtida and sodas,
 Hedges, holes, apparently impossible,
 Striving to stop this horrible slaughter.

(*Opens book—pointing to it significantly.*)

(*Slowly.*) *Omnes boni*—all good men.

In medio—in the middle of the head.

Capitam—all the hair.

Dividunt—they divide.

Part their hair in the middle of the head—so—

(*Fast.*) Putting this important observation into practice,
 The interesting and absorbing scientific fact is,
 If a person is too excitable,
 Send for a brush and comb.

(*Recit.*) Just observe the demonstration of this point.

(*Turns to EBEN.—takes out comb and brush and begins to part his hair in the middle while singing.*)

Eben.— Away—away—away! I tell you stand away!!

Prof.— Now, Ebenezer, please be still.

All.— Please be still—please be still.

Prof.— And with this comb I'll cure your ill.

All.— Riley, please be still.

King.— It's pleasant, if you knew it.

All.— Please be still—please be still.

Eben.— I'd like to see you do it.

All.— Riley, please be still.

Riley, please be still.

Riley, please be still.

(PROF. gives finishing touches to EBEN.'s hair — unbinds him — EBEN. gets up — rubs his eyes — then goes around shaking hands while others are singing.)

Prof.— Success!

P., C., S. & K.—

Success!

All.—

Success!

Prof.— Oh! I am a great astrologer —

All.— A regular sockdologer.

Prof.— A graduated collegger,

My name is Finigin,

I get my knowledge from the stars,

From pickled snakes put up in jars,

From dead men's wired vertebrae,

From skulls of apes and men.

All.— He is a great ass —

(PROF. turns and scowls.)

— trologer,

He is a great ass — trologer,

He is a great ass — trologer.

Eben. (pointing to Prof.) —

By virtue of his magic art,

In giving my hair a central part,

We've quenched this fiery Cinnamon Heart.

And caused my madness to depart.

(CARA. joins EBEN. — both take hands — come down on 1st line — back on 2d.)

Eben. & { Our troubles all are through,

Cara.— { Now I can marry you.

(Go back — KING comes down in same way.)

Eben. & { Though I am black and blue,

King.— { I'll mix the wedding brew.

(Goes back — SASSY. and PROF. come forward in same way.)

Sassy. & { There's nothing more to do,

Prof.— { We can be married too.

(Go back — K., C., E., S. & P. take hands and come down in same way.)

{ An invitation true

{ We now present to you.

(To audience.)

(All take hands — come down on 1st line, back on 2nd — all singing.)

All.— Hi yar — Hi yar — we'll all be married too — Hi yar,
Hi yar — Hi yar — an invitation true — Hi yar!
Hi yar — Hi yar — we now extend to you — Hi yar!
Hi yar — Hi yar — we'll all be married too — Hi yar!

(Repeat faster.)

CURTAIN.



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